PIONEER LIFE
IN THE
NORTH-WEST.

BY JENNIE JONES.

The territory comprising the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Northern Iowa, are commonly known by their inhabitants as the "Great North-West." Their settlement is of comparatively recent date, and has a history peculiarly its own.—These States though yet new, are fast assuming the dignity and assurance of middle age, and are already looking upon the newer and more Western States and Territories as juveniles. Yet but few years have passed since the tide of emigration, which is ever toward the setting sun, was drifting to this North-West, and the wilderness was beginning to yield homes to white men, in place of being the hunting grounds of wild and roving tribes of Indians.

There are many reminiscenses of pioneer life in these now prosperous States, which, told around comfortable and even luxurious firesides, sound like the telling of a dream, or like the pages of some improbable romance. The early settlers are fast passing away, and in the rapid march of the times, the early days, with their hard struggles, their privations, their quaint legends, and withal, their mirth and jollity, are being rapidly forgotten.—In the hope of rescuing from oblivion, if for but a brief time, some of these memories, these sketches were penned.

As a prelude to graver and sadder tales that may follow, I will try and give a description of

A WEDDING AT AN EARLY DAY.

It is not more than twenty-five or thirty years since the rich pineries of the Chippewa, in Wisconsin, drew scores of young men from the older settled portions of the country, to work out their fortunes in a then almost unbroken wilderness. A few venturesome spirits brought their families and settled here, and now and then a fair white maiden came along, or, it may be, that in other regions, she would have been considered only passably fair, but here with only dusky maidens for her rivals, the few pale-faced girls had no lack of admirers, or of suitors for their hearts and hands.

In those days there came from civilized regions, a family having in their care an adopted daughter called Mary. Though she lived in a log cabin and wore moccasins, no city belle could have asked for lovers more numerous or more ardent. At last after as many difficulties as would furnish a modern novelist with a dozen thrilling chapters, she was won by a young man whose name we will call Jim, "for short," (shortness of names being a prevailing characteristic of the early pioneers,) and the twain were anxious to become one.—At the risk of offending some who would like to hear of the courtship, I will pass at once to the wedding. A wedding! How could one be had when no minister had yet found his way there, and in all that region no officer of the law was known? At last, on learning of the difficulty, a queer chap, named Jack B., announced himself competent of performing the ceremony. Being duly prepared, (the principal part of which preparation consisted in providing that indispensable accompaniment of pioneer life a jug of whisky,) the questions and responses, as "Will you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?" "Will you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?" etc., were gone through satisfactorily, when the presiding officer announced: "That according to the laws which ought to be, I now pronounce you man and wife—and what God Almighty and Jack B. has joined together, let no man put asunder, and now pass that jug of whisky." The latter part of the injunction was speedily obeyed and all hands partook, even the bride, in spite of all remonstrances, being forced to place the fiery fluid to her lips. In this wild manner was the first marriage celebrated. A year later a Justice of the Peace was elected at a place seventy-five miles further down the river, and this couple, in company with several others on a like errand journeyed thither, and were lawfully married. It may be well to add that this couple lived happily together for many years, enduring many of the hardships incident to pioneer life, that the husband died at middle age, and his faithful wife soon followed him. Their children grew up and were married, experiencing none of the difficulties with which the parents had to contend. They are living in the same vicinity, but what is now a thickly settled country, enjoying all the benefits of a civilization for which the pioneers paved the way.

A BRIEF WEDDING CEREMONY.

It is related as a fact that in early days a hardy backwoodsman was elected Justice of the Peace. He was accredited to know more of hunting, fishing and trapping than of the law, but being deemed honest, and in lack of better material he was elected to the office. His statute-book had not yet arrived, when an anxious couple visited his house for the purpose of being married. In vain he plead ignorance of any knowledge of the wedding ceremony. They would not take "no" for an answer. "Well, then, I will do the best I can," said the officer, and the couple stood up before him. There the wits of the backwoodsman forsook him, and he tried in vain to recall some words that he had heard on like occasions. At last in sheer desperation he blurted out: "Take her by God! She's yours—she's yours for life and I am Justice of the Peace." He had managed to bring in the name of the Deity in the only way with which he was at all familiar. The marriage was considered legal.

DEATH IN A PIONEER'S CABIN.

From joy to sorrow, from mirth to weeping, is the way of the world. From the bridal to the grave is but a step. I had thought to write of other things here, but the visions of three little graves, lying side by side, rises constantly before me, and blots out other thoughts. I will tell their story as it was told to me.

Among the first to settle in one of the northern counties of Wisconsin, was a man named Spencer. His family consisted of a wife, a brave, cheerful woman, and three children, named Lucy, Mary and James. In their company were, also, several men who came to prepare homes for their families whom they had left behind. This done, they returned to their old homes to make the necessary preparations for removal, and were not expected to return for several months. This left the Spencer family alone, with the nearest neighbor several miles away. They were, however, too brave for fear, too busy for homesickness, and they thought their new home the loveliest spot on earth. With the thought of their friends who would soon be with them, they were cheerful and happy. The children played merrily around the cabin door, or wandered a little ways to gather berries, or to pluck the lovely flowers that blossomed in profusion. Occasionally a friendly Indian wandered that way, and stopped for an hour, but white faces were seldom seen. One day a party of Indians passed that way, one of their party being apparently ill.—They stopped at the cabin as was their custom, begged some bread and went their way. Several days passed, when little Lucy was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. Whether she had contracted the disease from the Indian will never be known, but certain it is, that it proved to be a contagious fever, of a malignant type. Now every energy of the anxious parents was bent to care for their suffering child.—There was no physician in many miles, the distant neighbors were strangers, and Mrs. Spencer, though a brave woman, shrank from being left alone with sickness, and perhaps with death. They made use of the few simple remedies in their possession, and all that tender care could do was done, but in vain, for at the end of five days, little Lucy closed her eyes in death.

The reasons that had prevented calling for assistance in the first place, were now doubly powerful, and with their own hands the bereaved parents prepared their darling for her burial; with their own hands a grave was made, but a few feet from the door, where the mother might watch the sunshine play over it in after days, and with their own hands they lowered the simple coffin to Mother Earth, and covered it with the dewy sod.

For the next few days what anguish was there. To the sorrow for the dead, was added the anxious fear that the other children might fall a prey to the same disease. This anxiety was not without just cause. A week had not passed before the others were prostrated and suffering. How shall I describe the agony with which these pioneers, lonely and sorrowing, with no human habitation in sight, no one to speak a comforting word, watched over their darlings, how they closed the sweet blue eyes, and smoothed back the wavy hair of "Baby Jamie," and ere another day had passed were called upon to perform the same sad offices for little Mary, the last offering to the Death angel. You who mourn for little ones with kind friends around to comfort you, to do all that is necessary for the dead, and who have the assurance that all that human skill could do had been done to preserve the life for which you mourn, picture, if you can, the sorrow of these parents, for no pen can describe it.

When the next white traveler passed that way, instead of three merry children playing around the door, he saw three little graves lying side by side, and a sad woman who seldom spoke, watching the shadows come and go above them, a man still trying to appear brave and cheerful, but bowed with sorrow as with the weight of years.

In a few months settlers came to the spot and busy sounds of life were heard where Death had so recently been met in solitude. But from constantly brooding over her sorrow, the mind of Mrs. Spencer had broken down, and she was now a harmless maniac. At times she was able to attend to her household affairs, but she spent the most of her time in visiting, and talked and rambled on in an aimless sort of a way.

Thinking by change of scenes and associations to benefit the condition of his wife, Mr. Spencer removed with her to his former home. The cabin was soon in ruins, the fences were broken down, and the whole with these three lonely graves, formed a sad picture of desolation. Such was the picture when I first passed the spot.

Now, however, the scene is changed.—in the place of desolation and loneliness, fertile and well cultivated fields are here. Near the spot stands a comfortable farmhouse, with all the modern appointments; yet never do I pass the spot, but a vision of that early scene rises before me. How emblematical is it of the fact, that for every lasting good that we enjoy, the path is made in sorrow and in tears! How many, while noting the improvments around, and enjoying the comforts which only the works of years can supply, pause to think of the life of difficulty, and danger and sorrow, that attended these early days!

A COMPANION PICTURE.

As a companion picture to my last sketch, there is called to mind the story of one whom I will call Smith, (and here let me premise that although these sketches are true to the life, there are many good people who are averse to having their names given to the public, and a proper regard for their feelings will induce me in many instances to substitute fictitious names for the real ones.)

As poets are said to be "born not made" so I am convinced that the genuine frontiersman, is a being of the same genus.—There are men for whom no other life possesses one-half the attraction that does the wild, half-Indian life, of hunting and fishing in a new country. Such a man was Charley Smith, the subject of this sketch. He had built a cabin some ten miles from any settlement, and in a place, which, from the nature of the country was likely to remain isolated for some time. Here he had brought his wife, who, for her part, had come, as many another woman has come because this home best pleased her husband, and not for any particular love for the isolated life which she knew she must lead. But she grew accustomed to the surroundings which were by no means unpleasant, and at times accompanied her husband a few miles on his hunting expeditions so that something of the fascination that possessed the man was communicated to the wife, and she was well content.

They had one child, an infant of but a few months, when they first took up their abode here, and this child was much company for Mrs. Smith when her husband was absent hunting or fishing, or visiting the settlements on business; and she would not have been a true pioneer's wife, if she had been afraid to be left alone with the child for days or even nights.

It happened one September morning, when the child was a year old, that Smith left his home, telling his wife to have no uneasiness if he did not return until the next day. Some work in the garden was planned by Mrs. Smith who thought to pass the day pleasantly enough.

The child was not quite well, but he was thought to have taken a slight cold, and no alarm was felt. But as the day grew later, he became suddenly worse, and the mother took him in her arms, bathed him, and soothed his complainings as best she could, but soon the hoarse breathings told her that the dread disease of infancy—croup had attacked her little one, and that she must battle with it there alone. That this disease often baffles the skill of the best physicans, is but too well known, and is it any wonder, then, that there, alone, knowing little of what to do, and no proper remedies at hand, the child grew steadily worse as the day wore away and the night drew on.—And, O, how anxiously did she wish for her husband's return! But as the hours dragged themselves far into the night, she knew that she must be left alone until morning, alone with that moaning child, until death came to relieve it of its sufferings.

The hours dragged on. The breathing grew more labored. Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock was marked off on the clock's dial and at a few minutes past twelve, the last heavy gasp was drawn, and the little one lay in her arms very still, and quiet, and white.

There is a power that sustains us through the most trying circumstances.—Mrs. Smith would not have been considered a woman of extraordinary nerve, but with a calmness that was born of despair, she arose and laid the little pale form in its crib. She smoothed down its garments, and covered its face, and then sat down to wait. She never knew how she got through that terrible, awful night. The morning dawned at last, the weary hours dragged themselves along, but not until late that afternoon did her husband return. She met him at the door with a face almost as white as the still, white face in the crib, which she uncovered without a word.

A hunter happening to pass that way soon afterward, was sent to the settlements, and sympathizing friends visited the spot, and attended at the burial. A companion was provided for Mrs. Smith, and a comfortable home in a few years, took the place of the little cabin. Other children grew up, and in time other troubles came, but never will be effaced from her mind, the memory of that awful vigil alone with death.

Did we desire to follow the fortunes of this family further we would preface it with the remark that a natural pioneer will be a pioneer always. In time, settlers began to gather in, but civilization did not agree with him. He quarreled with his neighbors, found fault because his hunting grounds were spoiled, and finally sold out and removed further west, and doubtless will do so again, should civilization encroach too much on his freedom.

THE FIRST WINTER IN WISCONSIN.

"It was late in the fall when we arrived at the spot we were to make our home. We found shelter for a few days until our house could be built, in an already overcrowded room with a large family. It did not take long to build the house, and it was a very good one, considering that it was made of wood, and that neither nails or boards entered into its composition.

"Shall I describe it to you? Well, it was built of logs, was 18x16, one story high, and had a roof sloping from the front to the back, the roof being made of "puncheons" and fastened down with wooden pins. There was no floor, and the ground was frozen when the house was built, and I am quite certain was frozen until late in the spring. When we first moved in there was neither windows or doors. We happened to have in our possession a considerable quantity of rag carpet, which my husband had objected to my bringing with me, saying that we should not need such things in a new country. But that rag carpet was our salvation. We were lucky enough to procure a quantity of buckwheat straw. This we spread over the frozen ground to the depth of a foot or more, and covered it with our carpet. Double thicknesses of that inestimable rag carpet covered the apertures, until a window and door could be procured, which was not without considerable delay and difficulty, the nearest place where nails and glass could be bought being fifty miles distant.

"The winter set in cold and severe. The chinking being put into the house when everthing was frozen, was loose and let in the cold. Our only child was a year old, it was with the greatest difficulty that we could keep her from freezing. I never dressed her that winter, except as I did so in bed and under the bedclothing. We were never comfortable two feet from the stove. You may well believe that the winter seemed very long, and that spring was never more welcome to any one, than to us that year."

Such was some of the experiences related by a lady, whose tales of pioneer life are always worth listening to.

THE HOTEL.

In the time of which I write, everybody who had sufficient accommodations kept hotel. The hotel was one of the first and most important institutions of the day.—Everybody seemed on the move, and accommodations for the night, or for the mid-day meal, were of paramount importance.

There were people flocking from all directions, "looking lands" for the purpose of making themselves homes; there were speculators, or land sharks, there were men of all classes, looking for a chance to "make a strike," as there are in all new countries. Supplies of all kinds, building material, etc., had to be brought with teams from long distances; the products of the country, grain, etc., as soon as it was raised in excess of the home demand was carried long distances to market in the same manner, there was the long journey to mill, and as the settlements advanced in importance, there was the four-horse stage, with its motley load of passengers to be accommodated.

I have in my mind a representative hotel, or tavern as it was generally called, of the period. I think all pioneers will recognize the picture, even the early law makers at Madison, being accommodated in a place somewhat similar. The hotel was a large building generally of rough, unhewn logs, a large bar-room, with an open fire-place. This room was furnished with a rough counter or bar, back of which was ranged a few open shelves, holding bottles of different kinds of liquors. This bar, I regret to say, was generally well patronized. There were a few men who tried the experiment of keeping a temperance house, but they were not generally prosperous or successful. Around the sides of this room were ranged long benches and several smaller benches capable of holding two or three persons were distributed around the room. Chairs were then almost unknown.

The dining-room was proportionately large, and furnished with a pine table, sometimes guiltless of cloth, at least a clean one. Here benches also served in place of chairs. The fare, though plain, was generally wholesome and well cooked. There was but little attempt at extras, such as pies, cakes, puddings, etc., etc. A huge plate of "doughnuts" and sauce of dried fruit, comprising the principal articles of this kind. Meat and potatoes, bread and butter, when butter could be had, which was not always, with the never failing pork and beans, these together with tea and coffee were the principal dishes. They were served up on blue edged plates, and eaten with iron spoons and the plainest of knives and forks, but travelers brought to the tables good appetites and were seldom disposed to grumble. The table was generally waited on by men, the rough way of some of the motley crowd, not making it pleasant for a woman to perform that office.

The roomy kitchen was the exclusive domain of the ladies, whether travelers or inmates of the house.

There were generally one or more sleeping-rooms, neatly and comfortably furnished, for the accommodation of lady guests, but the sleeping apartment of the men, comprised the entire upper portion of the house in a single room, which was technically called the "School Section."—In this room were all the way from twenty to fifty beds, in which the travelers slept in pairs, and it must be said that pioneer life, like necessity, makes sometimes strange bed-fellows. In some of the smaller hotels the beds were often full, and it was no unusual thing for numbers to "bunk down" on the floor in the bar-room, or wherever they could get a chance.

For the benefit of those who did not participate in these times, I will describe the beds, but to a pioneer they are so familiar as to make description superfluous.

Such a thing as a cabinet-made bedstead was not for a moment to be thought of, I do not think they would have been received with favor, as it would have seemed too much like "putting on style," and that was an unpardonable offence in those days. The bedsteads were made with small, round poles, the only tools used in their construction being an axe and an augur. They were furnished with cords, which often had a disagreeable habit of sagging and breaking. The bed was a single tick, filled with prairie hay, or "massasauga feathers" as they were generally called, by way of making them seem softer. Well patronized was that house and lucky that traveler where there was sufficient bed-clothing to keep warm in winter, and where bugs, to say nothing of other vermin, did not hold high carnival in summer.

Speaking of bed-clothes, I have a recollection of stopping one cold night at a house where the landlady had chanced to read of paper quilts, and in an unfortunate fit of economy had tacked newspapers inside her comfortables, instead of cotton. These rattled sufficiently, had a bad habit of slipping and sliding off the bed, but somehow did not keep out the cold. Our party chanced to have in our sleigh a sufficient quantity of robes and blankets to keep us warm, but from the lips of others who were not so fortunate, proceeded curses, both loud and deep, and most of the travelers got up and "made a night of it," around the bar-room fire.

The stables were long, low buildings of logs, well chinked and comfortable. For the roof, poles were laid close, and "shingled with straw." These stables were warm and pleasant for teams except in spring and fall, when the mud got too deep in them. A thick bedding of straw helped this difficulty, however.

The following incident is not exactly illustrative of the hotel keeping of the times, but as it really did occur, and will serve to show how, even in those times, a woman sometimes had her way, I give it a place:

A party of travelers drove up late one afternoon to a house where a creaking signboard, swinging in the bleak wintry wind, bore the inscription, "Travelers' Home." A meek looking man came to the door, to whom the travelers addressed the inquiry:

"Can we stay here all night?"

Before he had time to reply a black-eyed woman, with hair loosely flying came to the door and snapped out:

"No you can't, my little boy is sick, and I ain't got no girl, and we don't keep tavern now."

"Can we come in and warm ourselves, we are very cold," said one of the travelers.

"I s'pose you can," snapped the woman, and she gave the door a spiteful slam.

The fire was not the best, but they were beginning to get thawed out, when a complaining voice called from the other room:

"Mother, can't I get up and see the folks? I'm tired of laying here."

"No, you can't; you'll catch cold if you do."

The owner of the voice blubbered, and the woman went to quiet him, and as she did so, the travelers caught a glimpse of an uneasy, but by no means very sick looking boy of five or six years of age, and two stout looking girls of twelve and fourteen, whose black hair, eyes and general appearances betokened them as daughters of the house.

The savory smell of the new bread, just being taken from the oven, caused one of the number to ask:

"Cannot we get a piece of bread, or something to eat? We are very hungry and it will be late before we get to another stopping place."

"No, you can't, my little boy is sick, and I ain't got no hired girl, and we don't keep tavern now."

The travelers looked at each other, but wisely kept silent.

During a temporary absence of the woman, one of the number asked:

"Havn't you got something we can get to drink to warm us up a little?"

The meek looking man hesitated, but finally said that he had some cider but he didn't know but it was frozen. He would go and see.

He took a large pitcher and soon came back with it filled, saying it was pretty strong as the outside was frozen, and this was the "heart," and he thought it would make any one drunk if they drank much of it.

Just here the woman broke in with:—"They can't have that, I was saving that to make my mince pies with."

One of the travelers, however, had the pitcher, and as they were all now determined to leave none to make mince pies with, there was a queer feeling in their heads as they went on their way. They learned that under other circumstances it would not be well to drink too much cider from a barrel, the outside of which was frozen.

Returning the same way a couple of weeks later they found the hotel again open, the little boy well, the hired girl on hand, and the woman smiling, pleasant and ready to get them an excellent dinner, which was none the worse for being seasoned with sundry sharp scoldings, administered to various members of the family, as it served to furnish that really necessary item in a pioneer's life, namely—something to laugh at.

HOW HOMES WERE WON.

Perhaps no other State has witnessed a display of more genuine pluck and perseverance, in its settlement, than has Wisconsin. True our prairies were fair to look upon, our woods grandly magnificent, but they yielded not themselves to the dominion of man, without a struggle.—Coming here poor, as most of our pioneers did, many of them without even a team, with a family to provide for, for at least a year before any return could be had from the soil worth mentioning, with the land to buy from the Government, it is very evident that the pathway of the early pioneer was not one of ease.

The passage of the homestead law, made matters much less difficult, but in speaking of the settlement of Wisconsin, we are speaking for the most part of the times preceding the passage of this law. In the history of the Chippewa Valley, written in the year 1875, T. E. Randall has this to say of the poor man. "The United States Government adopted the best method of surveying its land ever adopted by any Government," perhaps the "section" or mile square, with all its subdivisions being undoubtedly the most convenient form in which public domain could be divided, and had the system first inaugurated for its sale and settlement, been equally wise and beneficent, the hardships experienced by pioneer settlement would have been greatly mitigated, but on the contrary, the policy adhered to until within the past fifteen years was fraught with the grossest injustice and oppression. In nearly all its provisions, most iniquitous discriminations were made in favor of the wealthy speculator, and against the poor hard-working settler. Let me point to a few of its unjust provisions, which for more than fifty years were on the statute book of this free and enlightened government.

Only once in a lifetime could a man enter a single forty, and then he must make an affidavit that he had never before availed himself of that privilege! Gracious boon! If he had the money and wished to buy up whole counties, or a whole state, there were no restrictions, oh no! No limits or restrictions could be imposed upon the greed of land sharks and speculators, but the toiling plebeian who could raise but fifty dollars to secure an adjoining forty must look on and see it, with all the improvements he had put on it "gobbled up by some grasping shylock," because the law said that no poor man could twice be the recipient of such supreme condescension. Then, too, the pre-emption law was utterly void of any benefit to the poor settler, no income could be derived from his labor on the land, the first year and many a hard working pre-empter having money due him, that he thought he could command, when it should be required to save his home, has been frustrated by some sudden revulsion in the financial world, that locked up all the money, and saw all his hopes and toil disappear, under the relentless grasp of some land shark; and only once in a lifetime could a man claim the benefit of this franchise! Such, and many other equally unjust provisions, remained on our statutes for half a century, the out growth of a system of oppression, more terrible than ever before existing among men. For more than twenty years, the people of the free states battled against these wicked enactments without avail. Twice was a bill got through Congress, extending the right of pre-emption from one to five years, and as often vetoed, and even the right to enter more than one forty, was contested for years, and the restriction blackened the statutes until 1842. And twice was the present beneficent Homestead Law passed, only to be vetoed by a pro-slavery President.

In the settlement of new States at the present time, modern improvements, such as mills, roads, bridges and railroads, keep so close pace with the settlements that the difficulties which beset our own pioneers are almost unknown. There was a tendency in those times, too, to push back into new and almost unexplored regions, and there are but few old settlers now living, but can tell tales of privation which in the light of present times, seem almost incredible.

In the "American Sketch Book," Mrs. French gives an incident, which is by no

[To be Continued.]

CHANCERY SALE.

State of Michigan, the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery:

LEONIDAS M. MARSHALL, Complainant.
vs.
URSULA PARSHALL, RANSOM N. PARSHALL AND DAVID R. SHAW, } Defendants.

NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of a decree made by said Court, on the 12th day of December, A.D. 1881, I shall sell at Public Vendue to the highest bidder, on Monday, the twenty-fourth (24) day of April, A.D. 1882, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the west front door of the Court House, in the City of Corunna, in said County; the premises described in said decree, viz: Lots numbers five (5) and six (6), in Block number two (2), of the Village of Perry, as surveyed by Lyman Mason on the tenth and eleventh days of May, 1877, situated on Section fifteen (15), in Town five (5), North Range two (2) East, in the County of Shiawassee and State of Michigan.

DATED February 27th, 1882.

LUCIUS E. GOULD,
Circuit Court Commissioner for Shiawassee Co., Michigan.

LYON & KILPATRICK,
Solicitors for Complainant.

CHANCERY SALE.

State of Michigan, the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery:

CHARLES H. CALKINS, Complainant.
vs.
LUCY W. CONRAD, MYRTEES CONRAD, FRANKLIN H. CONRAD AND GEORGE E. CONRAD, } Defendants.

NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of a decree made by said Court, in said above entitled cause, upon the 12th day of December, A.D 1881, I shall sell at Public Vendue to the highest bidder, on Monday, the twenty-fourth (24) day of April, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the west front door of the Court House, in the City of Corunna, in said County, the premises described in said decree, viz: The East half of the West half of the North-east quarter of Section thirty-two (32), in Town six (6), North of Range two (2) East, containing forty (40) acres of land more or less, in the County of Shiawassee and State of Michigan.

DATED Feb. 27th, 1882.

LUCIUS E. GOULD,
Circuit Court Commissioner for Shiawassee Co., Michigan.

LYON & KILPATRICK,
Solicitors for Complainant.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that a petition has been this day filed in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Shiawassee county, by Lyman E. Woodard, James J. Stever, Peter J. Stever, Alfred L. Williams and Benjamin O. Williams of Owosso, and Charles Cossit Mayor of Owosso, directed to the Circuit Court for the aforesaid county, asking for the vacation for business purposes, of that part of Genesee Street in the city of Owosso, which lies between the east line of Howell Street and the west line of Elm Street in said city, and also setting forth that they are the owners of all lots and parts of lots and discriptions of lands fronting on that portion of Genesee Street lying as aforesaid.

JEROME W. TURNER,
Attorney for Petitioner.

March 10, 1882.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
—OF THE—
First National Bank

At Owosso, in the State of Michigan, at the close of business, March 11th, 1882.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$112,526 95
Overdrafts	1,824 11
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	60,000
Due from approved reserve agents	24,362 17
Due from other National Banks	3,228 81
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	11,204 62
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,324 39
Bills in Transit	703 38
Checks and other cash items	363 59
Interest	1,648 69
Bills of other Banks	500
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies	4 77
Specie	9,541 71
Legal tender notes	1,708
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	2,700
TOTAL	$231,641 09

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 60,000
Surplus fund	12,000
Undivided profits	2,309 97
National Bank notes outstanding	53,100
United States Redemption fund	900
Individual deposits subject to check	38,671 34
Demand certificates of deposit	63,160 12
Due to other National Banks	1,499 76
TOTAL	$231,641 09

State of Michigan, County of Shiawassee, ss.
I, C. E. Hershey, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

C. E. HERSHEY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of March, 1882. F. H. GOULD,
Notary Public, Shiawassee Co., Mich.

Correct—Attest:
A. GOULD,
T. D. DEWEY,
M. OSBURN. } Directors.